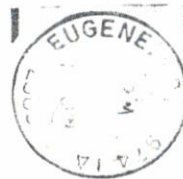


MAYHAP



ISSUE #9: Letters(2); Cops & Anarchists(4); Detained(7); Son of a Legionnaire(8); Books, etc.(15); Open Letter to Eugene(17); Hands(22); Video Store(23); Protest Stories(25); Vegans & Cats(27); Bombings, Yugoslavia & International Exchange(28); Prisons (31); more.

MAYHAP PUBLISHING
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EUGENE, OR 97405 USA



WHY FIGHT IT? GIVE IN. IT'S PAINLESS.



Sesse
845 Missouri
Lawrence, KS
66044

Society for the Preservation of the Society

WARNING

Letters are for educational purposes only.
Mayhap does not promote or condone the
writing of letters. Especially to :

Dear Mayhap:

Mayhap
PO Box 5841
Eugene, OR 97405

I'm a local Police Officer, what your kind refer to as "pigs". This name-calling is insulting, but I must say that I'm a bit more liberal than some of my fellow Officers. After all, I subscribe to the Nation and shop at Sundance! I even read the local zines (we have them all down at the station), which is where I came across Mayhap.

While I enjoyed issue #8, I feel that I must respond to the negative portrayal of Police Officers contained in the "Officer Andrews" story (I assume it is fiction and not true). The cops I know are decent, hard-working, caring individuals who would never physically attack someone without probable cause. They really want to help the community. We can't help the community by beating it up, can we?

While I don't agree with your advocacy of criminal acts, I must say that I understand your frustration. After all, there are many problems facing society and our community. Myself, and my fellow Officers, only want to help, which is why we became Officers in the first place. I would encourage you to abandon the violent negativity of anarchism and get involved with the many positive community groups and committees we have here in Eugene. If you don't like what is happening in Eugene, get out there and vote!

You know, the Police Force here is made up of many diverse individuals--we're not all white men with domination fantasies, after all--but the common thread which connects us all is the idea of public service. You, and others like you, only serve the politics of negativity and violence. Perhaps if you found yourself in a jail cell for a few days (or years), you'd come to realize this.

While applaud your willingness to articulate your strong beliefs--the First Amendment being important, and a law we gratefully wish to uphold--I must say that I'm a little disappointed in your delusional paranoia about the police. Don't get me wrong, I think a police review board is a good idea, but, really, what we should be reviewing is the tendency of criminal elements to fail to review their own personal responsibility to own up to their bad choices(whew!). Such bad choices can land you in jail--or worse. I see it every day. Please don't make the same mistake, or we'll be there to make sure you don't get away with it.

Yours,

Officer Kleenke

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MAYHAP #9 June 2000

PO Box 5841
Eugene, Or 97405

55¢ or trade by mail
free in town.

Thanks to T. from Durga zine. Thanks to Ron Campbell.
Thanks to John Zerzan. Thanks to Jeremy Tolle for
submitting writing.

More thanks to those who organized the Seven Week revolt.
Eugene Active Existence was a success despite everything.

Contribute: columns on Human Nature, Punks on Film,
or protest stories--or anything else--are welcome.

FRANKENBONES is a rad comic zine about cats available
from Food Chain Productions 7205 Geronimo

Little Rock, AR 72116 1\$

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Dear Friends,

One thing that prison has taught me is that you can never underestimate how far the State will go to try to control your behavior. Snitches, force--anything's possible. Just like the anarchist community has been experiencing over the past year or so, especially in places like Eugene. Rob Thaxton's 7½ year sentence is insane, but typical of a frightened just-us system.

So, anyway, I'm sitting here in disciplinary segregation for the next six months (for being insolent and uncooperative) and I see this in our prison newspaper (which is censored, of course):

"All inmate living units; cell; room; work; education; industry; and other assignments; dining areas; day rooms; yard areas; non-legal visiting areas; walkways and holding areas of the prison may be equipped with electronic monitoring devices which may be capable of, and which may be used for, monitoring and/or recording. Your willingness to speak in these areas indicates that you consent to the monitoring and the possibility of your speech being recorded."

We've always joked about cameras being hidden in our cells, especially when the pigs have an uncanny ability to go right to key areas at the worst possible times. But now it seems that they're actually (blatantly) doing just that. It's either refrain from talking or take the chance that they're listening. Of course, the opportunity for misinformation is there, given the right people to carry it out.

On to my reason for writing. I'd like to ask for [anything] that you can send me. I'm really hurting for decent reading material and novels, and Time don't really do it for me. Money's short, extremely so....Maybe I can contribute to...the zines? Tat'd at least make me feel like I'm giving something back.

Thanks for whatever you can send my way. Stay strong!

In anarchist struggle,
Ron Campbell #N30537

Menard C.C.

PO Box 711

Menard, IL 62259

Rob Thaxton's zine Fuck You, Bearden is quite good and available, along with Rob The Rich, from : AAA, POB 11331 Eugene, OR 97440
Send a buck or more as all proceeds go to Rob.

Write Rob at : Robert Thaxton #12112716, 2605 State St. Salem, OR 97310

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The powers that be are scared, and when that happens, they always turn to brute force. June 18 and Seattle last year scared the pants off the local authorities and those worldwide, as the specter of street resistance continues to be a force. So, of course, their response to challenges against capitalist/government repression is an escalation of repression. The anti-IMF/World Bank protests in D.C. in April were pre-empted by glowing media reports of the wonderful work done by those institutions; physically pushed down and basically slaughtered (some 1600 arrests), all because tens of thousands took the streets of Seattle and some anarchists broke windows and caused other property destruction. The Authorities in the U.S. are finally having to deal with what the countries in Europe have faced for years: militant street challenges to the Ruling Order.

Now, in Detroit and Windsor, Canada, more naked repression was used in response to protest against the meeting of the Organization of the American States. 4,000 cops on duty or on call; two temporary (!) city ordinances banning the wearing of masks and the carrying of gasoline cans (?).

The problem, here in Eugene where the police are quite simply on the attack, and in Detroit (and probably at the upcoming Republican conventions), is that the cops and Authorities believe their own hype.

No anarchist or other radical protestor has seriously injured anyone. They've set no bombs, nor do they have caches of weapons. Property has been damaged--from ELF or ALF nighttime raids to Seattle unrest to local actions--sure, but anarchists still aren't living up to the image that the cops have of them: violent armed terrorists (that this more accurately describes the police is lost on them). The Authorities and the police have used the threat of anarchists--like they use any "terrorist" threat to scare the public into supporting them and whatever repression they choose to use. The funny thing is, the cops seem to believe these exaggerated lies and respond to the created "threat" with more cops, more equipment, and newer, or stricter enforcement of, laws. Thus setting the stage for confrontation.

Scenario: protestors show up, cops surround and tackle jay-walkers or otherwise harass and intimidate (after all, they've got to head off violence before it happens with acts of violence, because, you know!, the anarchists are violent!). Crowd gets mad, and bam! Instant confrontation and proof of anarchist's unruly nature; thus justifying increasingly harsh measures in the future. Whether or not the A-heads did anything doesn't matter. The public thinks, since they got arrested, they must be guilty of something (what passes for logic in a police-reliant state). We saw this happen on April 24 here in Eugene and up in Portland on Mayday.

haven't been written up once. For someone who collects infractions like they're CD's. I guess that's an improvement. It does seem like some of the anger is gone--although I used that anger a lot in my day to day life. I feel like I'm not doing as much as I used to in fighting the System. But then, I've needed to grow up and heal for a long time.

Luckily, a lot of the people who supported me before I went ballistic in Chicago still support me. It's not easy to maintain or build friendships in the anarchist community when you've violated the trust of those who supported you. I'm lucky that my friends know that for the few minutes when I stole from them that I wasn't being Ron Campbell, but an emotional wreck lashing out at anyone and anything handy. Oh, I was ultimately responsible for the way I acted, but made so many poor choices and decisions that it was inevitable that I crash and burn. Living like that isn't living--it's keeping oneself in a prison of one's own making. And that prison is ten times worse than anything the State can conceive, my friends. I welcome hate mail and/or correspondence.



mad, and took off back to Chicago along with the cash and jewelry they had lying around. I justified it by saying that he screwed me first. You can justify anything if you try hard enough. Look at the cops in Seattle during the WTO.

Back in Chicago, my friends welcomed me back as freely and unconditionally as before. They had no idea that I was going through hell, but then, neither did I. I'd accepted the shit in my life as normal long ago. I was invited to stay with a few of them and we had some fun together., although I maintained a certain distance. I honestly tried to talk about the things going on with me, but never felt able to adequately explain what I was feeling. My answer? Drugs and the gradual withdrawal from my friends. One day I woke up and decided it was time to go and proceeded to take some cash, a gun and anything else I could carry to sell for drugs. About a week later I was squatting another building, kicking myself for what I'd done. Of course, by then it was too late. I'd made my choices.

Not surprisingly, I ended up in the county jail about two months later. I'd stolen a van from this construction company I was doing temporary labor for. It was inevitable anyway: I was so fucked up at that point that I knew it was coming. I think I welcomed it. Sentenced to eight years, I finally decided that something had to change in my life.

First, no more drugs. I don't care how anyone else feels about them, I can't handle them. Instead of dealing with life's crap, I run from it by getting high. After clearing my head, I was able to start figuring out where everything turned shitty for me and start working it out. I've never had much use for psychologists, but given the fact that my life was turning into one big prison sentence, I started seeing one. I also signed up for a drug rehab.

As with anything, I learned to take what I could from the drug rehab and ignore the rest. Efforts to make me identify a "higher power" failed miserably. More often than not, I'd start disrupting meetings when put on the spot. It took me over twenty years just to recognize my problems--you want or expect an easy solution?

Amazingly, my psychologist was damn good at her job, and I walked away from our fourteen months together armed with a lot of knowledge about myself that I didn't have before. Not only am I facing my past, but talking about it and opening up to people has been getting easier. I'm not exactly thrilled at the new medication I'm being given, but it doesn't seem to have any adverse side-effects. The reasons for it? They say I'm extremely impulsive and have a low tolerance for frustration. This valproic acid supposedly keeps me on an even keel, and I have to admit, that while I'm taking it, I

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Anarchists, because of their overstated reputation, which mostly comes through the cops and anecdotal, exaggerated reporting in the media, don't even have to do anything to get busted. The state is so insecure and dysfunctional, that any threat, no matter how small, will be exaggerated and viciously attacked--witness the Chinese government's crackdown on the Fulan Gong.

Which isn't to say that anarchism isn't a threat. Only that the State is responding more to the idea of anarchism and challenge and their own zealous, reactionary response to physical challenges such as Seattle, than to the actual size of anti-authoritarian movement. As resistance grows, and more people truly challenge Power, the repression is likely to get worse.

JUST ONE EXAMPLE OF HYPOCRISY:

Remember, after June 1, 1997 when the cops doused urban tree-sitters with pepper-spray and used tear-gas on the crowd assembled, how city "leaders" claimed that protestors were unreasonable because they could have been involved in the planning process that determined that trees must be cut. Instead of civil disobedience at the 11th hour (thus necessitating violent police response, of course), the protestors could've spoken at hearings or at some other superficial spectacle of public participation. This argument has been refuted elsewhere, so let's just contrast these claims with a recent forum of public comment on the "rules" the police will follow to confront "civil disorder". As per a R-G article on June 6, 200, we're informed that the police/authorities want the public's input on "civil disorder" and how the cops should handle it; like when to use deadly force or where the line is crossed from free speech to criminality. This isn't a decision making event, the article makes clear, but informational gathering that the real decision makers might take into consideration. As if this wasn't an obvious enough sham, we're told that the Authorities have invited over 40 "community" groups to come speak, witness, or respond to a questionnaire, in order to ensure that more people are heard besides those who "don't like police."! It is often claimed that there is a "silent majority" which supports the police. Apparently they are so silent that they have to encouraged with invitations to show it. Why would the police need to specifically invite those that support them? Perhaps the police are just insecure and not using this forum as propaganda. Maybe.

Where were the invites to pro-tree groups before June 1. Then, the Authorities just said "tough shit, you should have participated". If this is public participation in the democratic process, it sure makes voting look important.



Related:

Participating in the Authoritarian Process--a more accurate phrase--will never affect positive, radical change. It seems so simple as to not needing to be said, but good results cannot come from a bad--authoritarian, hierarchical--process. From an anti-authoritarian viewpoint, it is only a reinforcement of authoritarian models and their legitimacy. We have to deal with Power Structures in every aspect of our lives and, if we disagree and are opposed to this fact, it seems strange that we would want to participate further on the hope that we might be able to reform the Structure. You can't bring down a brick wall by becoming a brick.

It's also impossible to escape the tentacles of Authority. You can't even give food away, as we can see from the repression focused on Food not Bombs in San Francisco over the years. Refuse to participate in the governmental/capitalist process and they will attempt to stop you because it delegitimizes them when people act without Authority or the OK from Authority.

If I somehow won the lottery, bought a hotel or apartment complex, and opened the doors to the homeless or anyone else not wishing to pay for shelter, I guarantee that it would be shut down within six months. The State and the capitalists just can't handle someone not playing by their rules. It wouldn't matter if I bought the hotel all nice and legally, it still wouldn't be a "legitimate" business, 'cos it wouldn't be a business at all, nor a state run shelter. There are so many laws regarding EVERYTHING, one or two or more could be brought to bear on my little experiment. The Authorities are more concerned with obedience to the Authoritarian process than they are with people actually getting what they need. More importantly, they are more concerned that someone makes a buck.

So it remains that the best way to get what we need and want needs to be the way(s) outside of, inspite of, Authoritarian Structures. And it must be defended. Taking over a hotel and refusing to take part in the process would be far more effective than buying our way in. It would probably last longer, too, if there was sufficient support and mobilization from the community, as well as more hotels being sacked. From inter-personal relations to feeding ourselves to everything, we need to do it ourselves despite the power structure. There are seeds of this everywhere, just starting to sprout, so get out the watering can and damn those who try to weed.

PRISONS by Ron Campbell

Prisons aren't only made of concrete and steel, they're made of limitations, fears, and uncertainty. While my body may be contained within the disciplinary segregation unit of Menard, my mind cannot be contained unless I allow it to be. True freedom has little to do with the physical sense of the word, This I know from experience because I've become freer over the course of the past three years, while incarcerated, than I've been for the past twenty-five years.

Everyone has barriers that they erect to deal with situations or people that oppose them, whether it be cops, racists, or corporate lackeys. Some people or situations you just view with suspicion and the defenses go up. In many ways, this was me, only I locked out everyone; allowing only superficial contact and only as long as it seemed non-threatening. People scared me, and trusting anyone was impossible. I built my own prison, blocking myself off from much needed emotional and physical support.

In my case, I'd learned to distance myself from people after three very painful sexual assaults when a boy, each taking place a couple of years or so after the first. It seemed that every time I opened myself up to someone, or people in general, I got hurt. So I learned not to trust anyone. Years later, I still reacted to people reaching out to me by running away from them or sabotaging the relationship by stealing from them.

About seven years ago, a volunteer from Books to Prisoners from Seattle started writing to me and I felt a lot in common with the books and zines that I was getting from him. Anarchism seemed to ensconce my feelings of anger and injustice. The more I read and wrote, the more I came to believe that I'd finally found something I could embrace.

I found myself writing to dozens of people across the country, and writing for as many publications. My own zine, Constipation, was popular. I continued to feel more and more at peace within my ever-widening circle of friends and supporters. Finally, my parole came up in 1997 and I returned to Chicago. Having nowhere to live, an activist friend located a place for me at the Catholic Worker house which I didn't stay at very long before taking to squatting abandoned buildings. I'd left the Worker house partly because I was still getting high and knew they'd notice eventually and partly because I felt that I was being thrust into a leadership role in the ABC group (being the only ex-prisoner and therefore an "expert"), as well as having an overwhelming anxiety at having to deal with so much. Let's be real here: prison does not prepare you for anything after release except more prison. My friends were supportive, but I felt locked-up even more so than I did in prison. So I took off for Denver and spent some time with a friend there. When he and his wife started hassling me to go to church with them, I got frustrated and

during the last week i've had the chance to get to know him better and i'm amazed at this opportunity to show him that despite the actions of our governments, we are not enemies and will not accept that indoctrination. we've had joking conversations and a few serious ones, but i'm surprised by the lack of animosity he has. i almost feel like i get off too easy, but it's only been a week, so maybe those feelings will arise as we talk more.

today, a coworker handed him an editorial in the local weekly paper that talked about the lack of honest coverage of the actions of the US military during the bombing of yugoslavia. it lambasted "liberals" who supported the bombing despite evidence that the CIA and the US government in general were involved in inciting the violence between the KLA and others. it also took the weekly to task for not covering

this, as it's supposed to be the "alternative" paper (HA!). i watched as the look on this young man's face, normally so witty and smiling, changed to a very profound expression of confusion as he obviously tried to reconcile the words on the page with the fact that this is an american newspaper. when i asked what he thought, he turned to me and said "this man knows exactly how it is, exactly! i must meet him!"

and let's just hope that the state dept never finds out that we aren't promoting Americanism or the development of ambassadors for democracy, but forging bonds that manage to slink between the governmental chains, avert the indoctrination and build understanding that ultimately subverts their agendas.

The real goal in any street contact with the police--from traffic stops to bike infractions--is identification. Do not say anything! I know from experience that you can't win in this situation. If you are stopped by the police for any reason, say nothing! Ask if you are being detained, if yes, they may ask you to sit on the curb and give I.D. Do not do this! It is a hard game to play, and I know you ~~will want to~~ talk shit. Don't do it! Say nothing! Refuse to provide I.D. They cannot have it unless you are charged with a crime. This is a tricky proposition, as they'll threaten you with a ride down to the station, mug shots, etc. They have no right to do this, it is only a coercion tactic, but we all know that the cops do whatever the hell they want. You'll have to prove they were in the wrong later. Which requires lawyers, time, and money. The cops know this and use it to advantage. It's up to you to assess the situation and decide if you'll give your name or I.D. Being taken to the station, fingerprinted and photographed may not be worth the principal. They don't give a fuck. They're only interested in identification to create a file on you. The cops have all the power in these situations. They'll try to make you feel unreasonable, but don't fall for it. Say nothing! Refuse as much as possible before you give in to being I.D.'d. Once they have your I.D. or name they'll ask for address and social security number. You do not have to give them this! They'll try to goad you into talking, but don't fall for it, even to just say fuck you! They love confrontation and feeling superior. They hate being grouped as "cops". I was recently stopped and one cop made repeated fishing expeditions to find out if I was an anarchist. Mentioning she worked in Whitaker. Repeatedly asking why I didn't like cops to try to goad me into exploding.. Say nothing! If they can't charge you with a crime, then you do not have to provide I.D. Say nothing to make sure they can't manufacture a crime. Again, it depends on the situation, and you'll have to determine the pros and cons of compliance. Lastly, get their names in case they harass you later or you wish to complain.



Complaints aren't likely to get you anywhere, and may just make you a target for further abuse. And please, call the fuckers what they are, but quit calling them pigs--it's insulting to us porcine kind.

SON OF A LEGIONNAIRE



My parents live just outside of LaPine, Oregon. A backwater town thirty miles south of Bend—the town I grew up in—on Highway 97. The Newberry crater to the north, LaPine sits amidst the poor pines and junipers that pass for forest in Central Oregon. A small town, it still hasn't been untouched by the influx of California expatriates that have flooded Bend. The upper-middle class yuppies with kids moved there, while the conservative retirees loaded up the fishing poles in the RV and went to LaPine. Great for my dad though. You can cruise the dirt and poorly paved backroads around LaPine and find hundreds of RV garages and shops he's built. He's been in construction for decades, excepting the go at farming in Vail, OR when I was five. That left us bankrupt and back in Bend where my mom was/is a secretary for two attorneys. She's retired twice and then gone back. She's the only one that can do the damn job right, and she named her price.

Dad was in Vietnam, having enlisted in the marines at the age of 17. He had a t-shirt made once that said: Vietnam 66 67 68 Second Place. MIA/POWs-You Are Not Forgotten. If you love your freedom, thank a vet. Jane call home:1-800-Hanoi. Yep, he's one of those hunting patriotic vets that hate the government, but, damnit, this is the best country on earth! So, anyway, his years fighting in Vietnam qualify him for membership in the American Legion.

VFW Halls and Legion Posts are bars/community centers that dot the American landscape. Monuments to the belief that you should stick to your own kind, mostly white and patriotic. They're vets: no one else knows what it was like, especially those whiny environmentalists, polished yuppies or government beaurocrats. Let's not even talk about those damn commies. Cheap drinks, video poker and spaghetti feeds. Weekly money drawings and enough military paraphenelia to qualify as a museum.

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however, most exchange programs receive governmental funding, and the department that handles that funding was recently transferred to the umbrella of the US dept. of State. do i have to tell you what that means? immediately, the type of language used to describe the benefits of international exchange changed from "cross-cultural understanding and promoting world peace" to "promoting US diplomacy and foreign policy." of course, the state dept wants to ensure that programs know that above all, participants in international exchange are little ambassadors of US policy, spreading Americanism where ever they go.

but to return to our friend in yugoslavia. he had been to the US before, and has in fact traveled extensively as an advocate for disability rights. through his sporadic email messages we got glimpses of what things were like during the bombings. i remember one message in particular. he lived in an apartment building that was essentially inaccessible for his wheelchair. every time the air raid sirens went off, the residents would head to a basement shelter to sit out the bombing. after many laborious sojourns up and down the stairs, his family members assisting him down the many flights, he decided that it was really not worth it trying to get down in time and he did not

want to do it anymore. since he would not seek shelter during the raids, his family resolved that they would stay with him in the apartment. when i heard about this, it made me so angry that any of them would have to make such a choice due to the actions of my government. their position was sickening and frustrating to me.

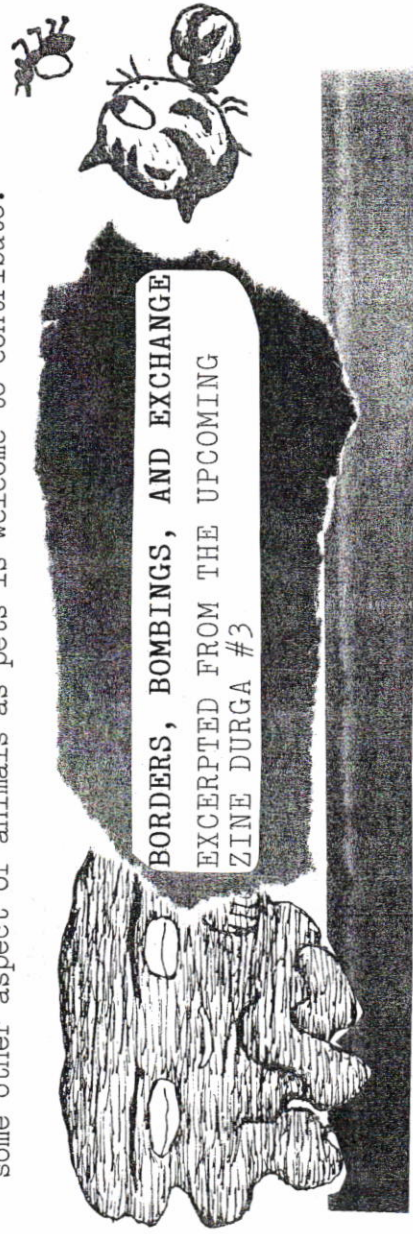
now this young man is in the United States, having arrived with his father last week. he is interning with our organization for several months. at our first staff meeting with him, he shared a little about himself and about the emails we had sent back and forth during the bombings. apparently the communication meant a lot to him and others. i can't mimic his witty way of putting things, but he told us that he shared some of our messages with others in his country, and when they asked who they were from, people were in disbelief that the words of support came from americans. they were incredulous that American citizens could be allies (at least in spirit) while our government was killing their people. then a woman (who has a gift for sometimes hitting the nail right on the head) said, "well, you know that the actions of the government don't reflect what the people want. they are totally separate in their own world." (or something to that effect) and this young man nodded in understanding, "it's politics. just politics." and i couldn't help thinking that the word "politics" can't even begin to cover what this young person has experienced.

never has meat-based food.

We all love animals, but it sucks to support the destruction of one species to keep alive another. Domestic pets have been removed from the wild, and consequently, the food chain. The reasons for going vegan in the Western world of over-consumption and destruction hold true for our pets as well as ourselves. But animals are not humans, obviously, and have different needs. However, lambs were never a part of the same food chain before industrialization and factory farms. Ultimately, we've got to stop civilization itself and the over-population of humans and animals at unsustainable levels. Until then, do what you can.

Crusty was my best friend and I probably wouldn't choose not to know him if I had it to do over again, but I would try to make better choices.

Anyone else wanting to add to this, or make corrections or address some other aspect of animals as pets is welcome to contribute.



during the US bombing of Yugoslavia, i had a small window into the other side of the attack - the people being bombed. i work for an international exchange organization and one of the past participants in our programs is from Yugoslavia. during the bombings, we received sporadic email messages from him, letting us know he was still alive, telling us a little about what was going on in Yugoslavia. sometimes we wouldn't hear from him for a while and though no one said it outloud, i know everyone was wondering if he was still there.

the place where i work has done exchange programs for people with disabilities for almost twenty years. during that time, depending on what funding was available, there have been exchanges between the US and vietnam, japan, the former yugoslavia, germany, the former soviet union, england, mexico, costa rica, and many other countries. through these exchanges, i would like to think that a certain level of disregard for borders and political divisions has been fostered. as an anarchist, this makes me very happy indeed.

The American Legion was started in 1919 as a rightist, patriotic force, described by some members as an equivalent of fascist groups in Italy. Thomas Frank relates, in the Baffler #13, the start-up and history of the group. Bankrolled by rich, prominent individuals as a backlash group against the growing force of anti-capitalist agitators--from WWI resistor groups to communists--the Legionnaires have been the goons who physically attacked strikers and organizers, as well as fomented race riots. More accurately, rioted on those who did not share their white skin and superior, patriotic ideology. Now, though, they seem to have fallen from such ignoble heights and have little influence on the American cultural scene. Still, as Thomas Frank identifies, their world-view is the one currently in power--white, patriotic, fascist--even if the vaunted "global free-trade economy" seems to have passed them by.

The Legion Hall in LaPine, OR is a large log cabin with a main bar, a great dining hall, and a spacious outdoor area. There's a Keno TV and a regular one. The large screen TV is rarely on, at least when we've been there. A pool table and video poker machines in the back room. Swords, rifles, and VFW license plates adorn the walls, along with signs announcing everything from weekly drawing winners to the week's menu. There's this strange, boxed in U.S. flag with its own fan so that it is constantly, nobly, fluttering in the wind. A circular fireplace in the center of the bar is surrounded by table and chairs made of wood. Bottles of liquor behind the bar and your garden-variety beer: Coors, Bud, Light, Miller, and--oh, the benefits of having a brewery thirty miles away--Black Butte Porter.

Guests have to sign the ledger near the entrance, but I didn't once and no stern looking soldier dragged me away. My partner and I could only get away with going to such a place with my Dad. The crowd is what you'd expect in rural, redneck Oregon. Elderly vets who have been drinking since the morning; their wives with permed, close hair and glasses; manual laborers in flannels and jeans, lines in their faces. Mustaches and boots. Dirty clothes and cigarettes always between calloused fingers. The Legion is a working-class bar. There are never any suits. Well-to-do vets obviously steer clear. There's probably a scholarly study somewhere in that.

We go in with my dad and you can tell by the looks received that we're not in the usual crowd. Rings in noses always reminding them of bulls. "Dropdead? What the hell kind of t-shirt is that?" you can almost hear them think. People are friendly though, knowing that I'm Brad's son. Lives in Eugene--they have to stop themselves from rolling their eyes in front of me, a habit whenever Eugene is mentioned. Least they wait til my back is turned. We're as far away from down south as anywhere, but you can still hear that twang in patterns of speech and witness the same stereotypical attitudes.

Some guy tried to commiserate with my dad once, saying that his son was that way too. Meaning: shit stuck through his nose and weird looking. My dad told me later. He said that it didn't matter what I looked like, that I was doing alright. Told this to the guy. Expand that a little further dad, I want to say. It doesn't matter what people look like, right?

My dad says to me that grandma--my mom's mother--sends the letters to the editor that I wrote to the daily paper in Eugene. Well, he says that he can't understand what the hell I'm writing about, that I've got to put it in laymen's terms, see, so's guys like him will understand. He's no dummy, he's just being tactful--not one of his major attributes. What he doesn't understand is where he got this weird, anarchist punk rock sissy-boy for a son. To his credit, he's pretty much gotten over that I'm not a huntin', violent, redneck sociopath. Mom's gotten over it, too, somewhat, that I'm not "normal". The same guy who once told me that you can't fight city hall later said that you have to stand up for what you believe in, after the anti-WTO fest in Seattle. My mom once told me that I don't have to get involved in that "business"--meaning anarchism--and years later excitedly telling me that even the Bend paper had a story of the June 18, 1999 street party here in Eugene. If only I'd done something noteworthy and gotten my picture in the paper, she could've put it on the 'fridge!

We hang out drinking at the Legion, that being the main activity next to smoking and joking around put-down bullshit. Dad buys drinks for anyone at the table. More magically appear before you've finished your first. Generous to a fault, ready to help out friends and often strangers. How many times have I heard the diatribe against those lazy homeless people? Womin with a cardboard "Help..." sign down from my house, he tells me that he gave her five bucks.

When I lived in Whitaker, he complained about being able to smell all the Mexicans. I point at a little white kid and complain about all these white people ruining the neighborhood. No response.

Better not to talk about somethings, certainly inside the Legion Hall and also with my dad. Insist I must, though, sometimes. Once, at a crappy diner on the coast, a friend of mine and I were arguing anarchism with my uncle and my dad. My friend, mostly, because I could see that we weren't going to get anywhere. Such gems as these were heard: "I just want to make money." (from my uncle); "I know black people. Served with them in 'Nam. Lazy and no good." I responded to that: "Oh, great place to meet someone, dad, in a war!" He had grown up, as I did, in rural Oregon. 99% white, except for the migrant farmworkers who you absolutely didn't associate with, or even see if you were a kid like me.



VEGANS AND CATS



I was working a job outside of town, up in the hills of Southern Oregon, painting the basement of a large vacant house. It sat amongst forested land about five miles from I-5. The previous owners had abandoned a mamma cat and her four kittens, who had reached adolescence. The kittens were turning wilder than their momma and were doing fine--except for one. Orange and crusty, he was sickly and underweight, with a pitiful mew. He walked up to me, unlike his frisky but cautious brothers. Aw, I thought, poor guy. My roommates cat had disappeared some time ago and I thought that I'd make their day and bring this little fellow back to them. People like to pick out their own pets, however, just like they prefer to choose their own friends and lovers. I didn't realize this and now I had a cat.

First, I wasn't responsible enough at the time to care for a pet. Unlike dogs, who seem to travel well, most cats are territorial and home-based--whether that's a house or a few city blocks. You can't just pick up and go when you want to; someone has to be found to take care of the cat. Also, unlike dogs, cats can't be vegetarian so easily. They require meat; specifically two things which are not really found outside of meat, one being taurine.

I'm vegan and the idea of going and buying a bag full of meat (by-)products was abhorrent. The little guy was starving, though, so I had to. It wasn't his fault that he was a sickly runt who couldn't hunt, nor that the human who picked him up was vegan. What it boiled down to was that I had a responsibility to take care of him. So meat it was.

A company called Wysong makes vegan dog and cat food. They extract one of the needed nutrients cats get from meat from seaweed, and the other they make synthetically--I'm not sure how or from what. I mail ordered some cat food and found that Crusty wouldn't eat it. He ate nothing for several days before he even ate a little of the vegan food. Meanwhile, he was constantly trying to get at the meat-based food of a roommate's cat.

There's a ton of cats out there who need homes, but in order to save them, you're probably going to have to support the meat industry in the form of cat food. Some cities, like Los Angeles, I hear, take the bodies of euthanized animals to the rendering plant to be made into cat and dog food. You'll probably avoid the results of this sick practice by purchasing higher quality food, but it's still got lamb, chicken, and/or fish. If you can't bring yourself to buy meat-based cat food, don't get a cat. Or try and start the kitten on vegan catfood from the start, making sure that the cat



The main thrust of the ensuing commentary was that "cooler" heads, "wiser" heads had prevailed. No one was hurt, common sense and nonviolence had overcome a temporary passion.

And a few months later, the U.S. government had decided on all-out war on Vietnam.

An escalating campaign, that over the next ten years, killed some four million Asians.

It seems to me more than likely that the response of the public to this huge and genocidal undertaking was considered. Considered and found to be what happened in the streets of Berkeley that evening some months previous: token resistance at best. No real opposition expected. Nothing much to worry about.

On the other hand, if we had gone forward through the phalanx of Oakland pigs? People would've been hurt--some even killed, possibly. But the government might well have decided that serious resistance could be expected if an intensified war were to be decided upon. In other words, we failed that night and millions died. All the ritual, peacenik demos of the 60s and 70s failed. The war eventually ended because the Vietnamese kept fighting and American troops began refusing to fight.

Forcing the government to cease a war was no small endeavour--an effort Americans were not equal to. Today, the challenge is to bring an end to the cancer of techno-capital that is deforming and destroying everything.

What sort of "demonstrations" do we need to accomplish that?



If they aren't macho assholes, the cops are insecure people who find legitimacy and security through the abuse of power.

More often than not, words, actions and beliefs do not mesh. My dad's best friend is of Mexican descent. Served in Vietnam together, although they didn't know it at the time. "Spic 'n' Span" he calls themselves. Never any indication that Fred is upset by this, but how could he not be on some level?

"Fortified wine, that's what you niggers drink," my dad jokes(sic) to Fred over the phone. Offensive comments are the norm amongst the superior--those that know their supposed higher place in the hierarchy. Loves Fred like a brother, sure, and like a brother, knows the sharpest words with which to wound, put-down. Friendly chiding, that's all. Have a sense of humour, why don't you? Why can't he see that there is no humour in this? Contradictions, sure.

Walked into the Legion one winter evening, and I'm surprised to see a black woman tending bar amongst all these white crackers. She's down-to-earth friendly and everyone loves Lee. The same people who crack racist "jokes" would kick your ass if you made a comment about her. No doubt some do, privately. Fuck, it's a sick irony.

They talk about my dad behind his back. Think he's rich, a big shot. He loves to think so. A Big Kahuna he's said, commanding respect/and the flip-side, fear. He's in debt up to his ears. If the work dried up, he'd almost be destitute (he's a compulsive collector.

I tried to get him to sell his \$18,000 worth of guns once and send me back to college. He'd pay my way back, but you'll have to pry his cold dead fingers off the guns, as they say). Still, buy everybody a drink and they're still jealous of his house, truck and hunting vacations. He took to starting rumours about himself. He'd tell his sister about his upcoming "trip" to Europe for three months and tell her not to say anything. Next thing you know, his mom is calling up wondering about his trip! Legion's no different with the gossip and remarks made underneath the covering hand.

Like any scene that operates on a sometimes deep, but mostly superficial contact, the whispers and thoughts behind the friendly bullshit are harsh. Guys that work for my dad will tell you that he's an autocrat--though they won't use that word. "Happens again, I'll fire his ass." All bluster, but an old softy underneath--if you're his kind, that is. A benevolent tyrant, but those words aren't enough to describe the reality.

Lays money out for us and we play Keno; the flying balls looking like paint gun pellets lobbed onto the TV screen and landing on numbered squares. I won two bucks once, yipee. T. once hit the Royal Flush on video poker and pulled in a hundred and fifty. Don't think about the losses. Video poker is one of those things.... You can put in forty, lose it, and then put in another twenty dollars. Lose it. The next twenty, you go up to forty. You've just lost forty dollars, but you feel like you won. We never gamble unless dad pays.

Video poker is like the Legion Hall itself. People there invest much more than its worth into it. Recalling the "good old days" like clutching that win ticket for forty bucks when they've already put in eighty. A sham community that sometimes pays dividends.

Some cold stares in the Legion Hall. Guys that don't know my dad, so I'm not protected from them. They know I'm with somebody as the place is members and guests only, so they don't do anything. I'm aware of their looks, and keep a smile on my face that I hope looks disarming and not like a smirk. Despite the exaggerating reporting on the global, integrated, and increasingly tolerant world we are supposed to be living in, there are many places you don't want to be in if you're different. Witness Matthew Shepard.

Dad introduces me to the guy who pretty much runs the place. "He's a Teamster, so don't say anything bad about unions. But he's a good guy." Like that, swallowing stale old prejudices, but.... The Teamster Vet actually helped us move once. Came over to Eugene and helped carry those heavy book cases up the stairs. A nice guy, if a patriotic one. Doesn't understand the international solidarity the unions have to shoot for to stay relevant (not to mention the fact that an anti-work anarchist stance would confuse the hell out of him). We talked about the anti-WTO protests and asked him what he thought of them. He fingered his Teamster hat and replied, "What do you think?" Right on. My partner got into it with him and mentioned the labor rally we went to. The speakers from Mexico, Africa. Ahh, there's a world out there, struggling.

In the bar, it doesn't seem like there is. A self-contained anachronism. Insular world, like the 50s on TV, only a little more off-color. I surprise the Teamster guy by singing Johnny Horton and George Jones songs. This weird looking punk kid rattling off dixie-country songs made him laugh. My dad had even forgotten "Whino, the Clown" by good old boy George. (No, not that Boy George!) They forgot where I came from. The Legion Hall reminds me, sometimes painfully. I see it for what it is. A fortress of good ol', bad ol' boys. Fucked-up and fun. Scary and comfortable. Depressing and sometimes beautiful--when people stick together. I wish that they'd stick to more people. Work through the contradictions; opens their minds to learn and discard the prejudices. If they can accept Lee or me, what does that say about their bigotry? That it is built on tradition and ignorance and not personal contact. Distrust of government does not meld with patriotism, yet here they are, upholding the flag and war service and these contradictions in their hands.

12

Last summer, for some reason or another, an episode from the distant past returned to my consciousness bearing a fairly obvious message. The evening in question was quite awhile ago, but I think I recall the main facts accurately.

Berkeley, 1965. Don't know the month, but it was the first, large-scale anti-Vietnam war protest. A night-time march down Telegraph Avenue: thousands streaming along, heading for the Oakland Army base on S.F. bay. I was a student and the aim that evening was to proceed through Berkeley and Oakland, all the way to the Base and interfere with its operations. A large part of the growing war effort was supplied from that very arms depot.

We drew up to Ashby Avenue, very near the Berkeley-Oakland boundary, and stopped. Across the intersection of Telegraph and Ashby were hundreds of Oakland cops in riot gear, barring the way.

Various speakers discussed this impasse and the need to move forward anyway. The mood of the crowd grew stronger in response to the challenge before us. Grew equal to the fear we felt, and then some.

But at this dramatic point, Ken Kesey got to the makeshift podium and began playing "Home on the Range" on a harmonica. Slow and plaintive, the tune served to deflate the defiant resolve of the thousands of protestors. In short order, in sum, the march was simply called off. There was some announcement about meeting the following day, as I recall, but the evening's showdown was over.

John Zerzan kicks off this ongoing column. Send in your stories.

PROTEST STORIES 25

to go to another video store, one he probably didn't know. Like his dealer had been arrested and now he had to go looking for a stranger.

Some people flaunt their participation in the consumeristic cannibalism that is pornography. An addiction to images of people--mainly w/min--posing or performing fucking just for the viewer's pleasure. An all-consuming consumerism; ritual of falseness that degrades human sexuality and the personhood of those involved (a degradation of all w/min, these media-ated representations). Capitalism at its finest (sic), addictive manifestation--an addiction you can surely quit, surely tomorrow. Pornography is the pinnacle of reproduced life, in a culture of reproductions, and divorced completely from real experience. Still, some flaunt this cannibalism as a right, a pleasure, as power.

Others feel a twinge of shame, guilt and try to be discreet. Like Ward, here. He'd probably never go to a straight-up porno shop. Too obvious: someone might see him and tell his wife, his daughter or the grandkids. The video store that has all the nice, Hollywood movies out front and the enclosed back-room for "adults" only provides a nice cover for fellows like Ward. Had I been a woman at the counter, he probably would've just left without a word.

Not that a lot of the Hollywood or even independent movies have a quantitative difference from the pornos in back. Almost all share the same patriarchal, exploitative values on some level.

Which set me to thinking about the realities of consumer culture and the "marketplace of ideas". Just as I can't buy a banana at the supermarket without subsidizing the meat and dairy case, I can't rent a movie without supporting that room in back. As nice as the video store guy is, he works in a place that caters to the Wards, and has to keep them as customers. Even if he disagrees, he's got to hand those movies over.

"One dollar, one vote" is a falsehood in the same way that our democratic process of "popular participation" is. You are always going to be supporting something you abhor when you participate. To say that what you buy has an effect is, mosttimes, a falsehood. The system--store or government--is already in place, and that back-room is still there whether it is filled with pornography or smoke from the cigars of the authoritarian decision-makers.

So Ward shuffles off to find some other meat market; the video guy says good-bye; and I leave, thinking: do I really need to watch a movie?

SISSYHOOD IS POWERFUL

24

I see so many people upholding the idea of mutual-aid, but in a mutually exclusive way. It's not that great a leap from where they are at to loving all their neighbors. Well, sometimes it doesn't seem like so far, but it is, really. The "revolution" has a lot of work to do. The Legion Halls have to make that jump onto that train sometime, though. I hope.

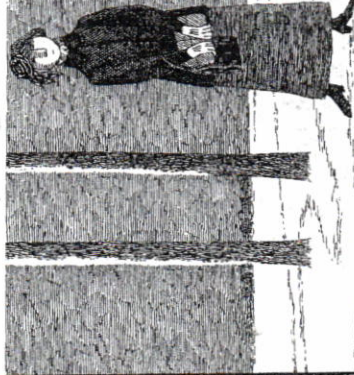
Still, when my dad said that I could join the Legion, as the Son of a Legionnaire, I had to say no. Oh, I **briefly** fantasized about being a card-carrying member and heading out for Eugene's Legion Hall. Anarchist punks invading the vet's fort. One giant party where we got together, tied one on, and shot the shit. Except, for them, we're the shit that needs to be shot. So I gave up on that idea. Maybe we all have something in common, but our differences cannot be breached. In this lifetime.

HUMAN?

Instead of a column about the topic, I urge everyone to pick up and read Chellis Glendinning's My Name IS Chellis, And I'm In Recovery From Western Civilization. It is published by Shambhala Press and is available at the Eugene library.

She connects the addiction/trauma recovery process to our technologized world, with a plea to return to a nature-based existence as a cure for the fucked-up dis-ease we find ourselves in. Intriguing and amazing in its weaving of reality and experience, this book is a must read for anyone wondering how to stop the Machine, where we can go if we stop it, and, though not articulated in the book, why anarchists are turning towards, or arguing for, primitivism more and more. Read it, please.

NATURE?



She wandered among the trees aimlessly.

VIDEO STORE

One day I was in the video store I frequent, chatting with the friendly guy who works there, when an old man walked in. We glanced at him and kept talking, the friendly guy and I. Even if it was the closest one, the friendliness of the guy was the main reason I went to this particular video store. I still don't know his name--my fault--, but he's always ready to talk movies or gardens or whatever. You shouldn't ask his advice on which movie to get, though, because he likes every damn movie ever produced. He once went on for several minutes about the genius of a puppet movie that was playing on the in-store TV. That's why I liked him though: no airs. Wearing slacks, a collared shirt underneath the ubiquitous maroon sweater, he always has a welcoming smile. He likes my tattoos and is always amazed at the funny bikes I'm riding up on.

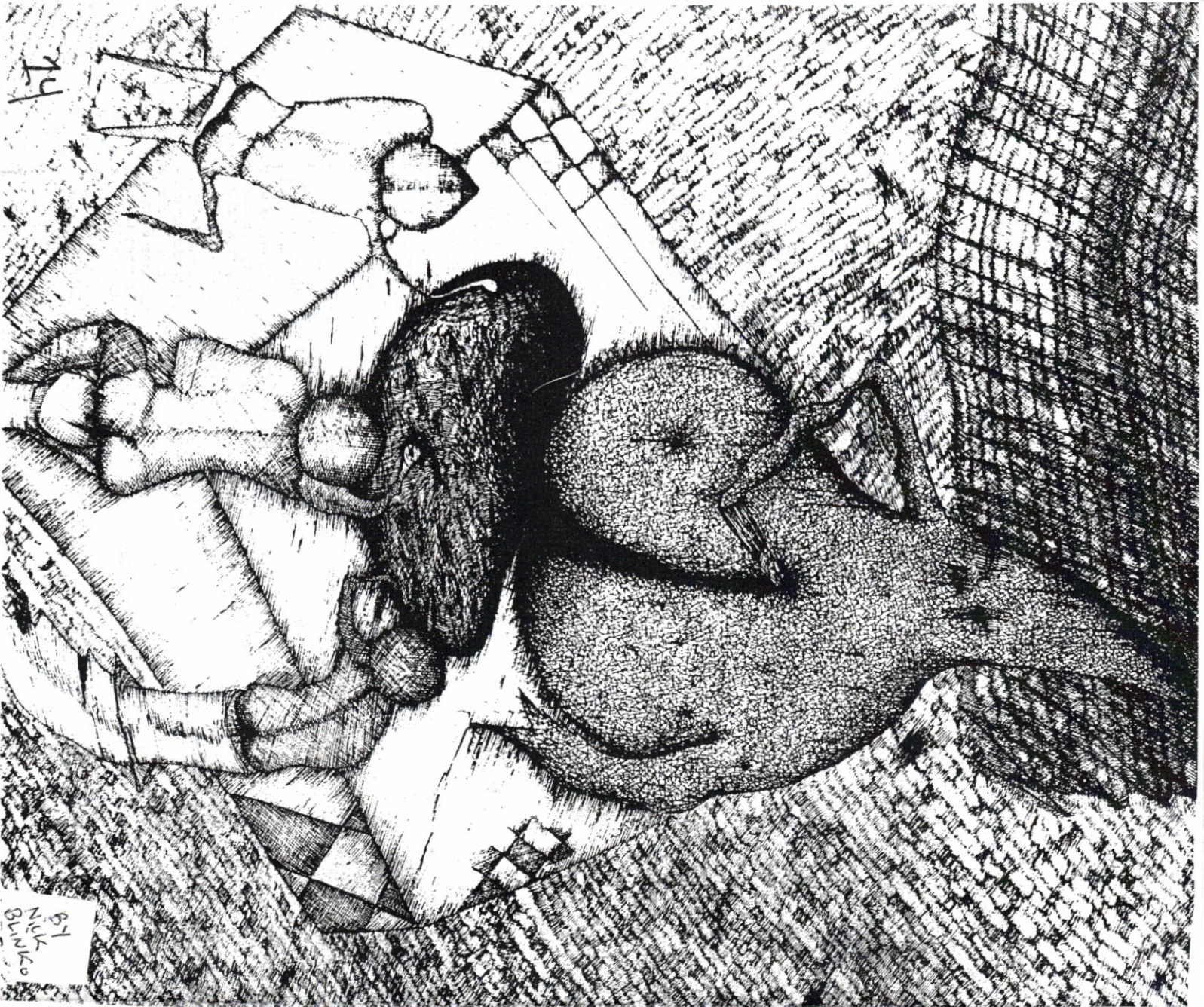
Anyway, we were chatting about this or that movie when this older man walked in. He looked like a retired business owner; someone who once owned a hardware store like on Happy Days, or maybe a place that sold type-writers. Tan slacks, and a slightly logger-like button-up shirt. Probably a white undershirt, underneath, of all places, his shirt. Two patches of gray hair on either side of his protruding skull neatly matched the grey windbreaker he wore. An elderly shuffle brought him through the door, but he didn't acknowledge our presence. Just shuffled past with staring eyes; straight ahead past the counter towards the back.

The place had been undergoing a remodel. New carpet same as the old carpet, but new. Shelf re-arrangement and expansion. It had just opened up again after a few days of being closed. The video sections were still in their old places, but the older guy couldn't seem to find what he was looking for. He came shuffling back to the counter, quite taken aback. Offering the video-store guy a confused, querying look, he asked, "Where's the adult section?" in a shaky voice. He sounded like some dad right out of a 50s television show, though I doubt you'd hear that line on a 50s TV show. Mentally, I called him Ward.

"Oh!" exclaimed the video guy. "We're remodeling. It'll be back soon." Ward didn't look like he believed this, so the video guy added, "And it'll be bigger. We're expanding."

Ward stared at the guy for a few moments, at a loss. Here he had single-mindedly trudged in, heading straight for his pornography fix only to find it dried up gone. Not there. Out of the addiction haze and into the shocked daze of one denied. Or like he went to the toilet and it did not flush when he pushed the handle. unfathomable.

I was silent as Ward shuffled out, back to his pick-up. I made no comment on how pathetic Ward was as it was so obvious. Now he'd have





watching people's hands at a punk show:

Into pockets or up in the air: pumping fist or open, waving like a hippy dancing. Some just don't know what to do with their hands. So they do everything. Tapping thighs to the beat, or maybe their chests, the stage or even the floor (some places your hand will likely just stick there if it doesn't land on broken glass or a smoldering cigarette). Smoking is always something to do with one's hands and mouth and lungs. One arm across the chest, the other elbow resting upon it with the cigarette in hand floating in front of the face. How many of you have holes in your shirts from getting poked in the back by a cigarette? Dancing and smoking like riding a bike while puffing away. The song ends and some hands clap. Rings on fingers and bracelets on wrists--studied or sometimes just old rubber-bands. Hands cupped to mouth trying to channel the words of a conversation into another's ear. Flying about while making an emphatic point, forever lost underneath the crush of the music. The blur of the guitarist's; the singer's gripping the mic and holding it to his chest as if he was reciting a love poem instead of just screaming (perhaps he is). Handshakes and pats on the back in a hug. Someone, at every show, has to flip off the band. Pushing hands--not tai-chi--shoving another in the back, back into the pit. Clutching the backpack straps or thumbs hooked on the belt. Someone's writing down a phone number while another's hands fish out three dollars. Hands it over to the guy at the door who stuffs it into a plastic tub. Flipping through records or tipping up a beer bottle. Helping hands drag you back up when you hit the floor or tap your shoulder asking for passage by you to the front of the stage or held up, palms out asking for forgiveness for stepping on your toes.



Soundtrack: Catharsis "Passion"; Citizen Fish "Active Ingredients"; Logical Nonsense "Soul Pollution"; His Hero Is Gone; Phobia; Disdain (I'm looking for the disrupt/disdain split if anyone can help); Amebix; Alternative; Lost Cherees; Despite; Yellow Machine Gun.

ANARCHY GOOD FOR BUSINESS

Jeff Wrong, Mayhap International Eugene, OR (MI) The June 18 riot of 1999 looked like a horrifying spectacle of lawlessness to many, but not to James Goldbold. For him, it looked like a goldmine. Goldbold owns and operates Jim's Aftermath, a local company that specializes in riot clean-up. His firm was called in after the Reclaim the Streets melee to replace broken windows, scrub graffiti, and pick up the many tear-gas canisters.

"We've got a city contract and lots of local businesses use our services," explained Goldbold.

The increase in acts of sabotage and civil unrest has proven to be a boon not only to Jim's Aftermath, but to other, similar businesses as well.

"God, I wish Seattle has happened here," said Jim Schill, manager at Riot Control, of the recent anti-WTO protests in Seattle which caused millions of dollars in damage. "I mean, I'm not for terrorism, but we could have really cleaned up." The company he manages bills itself as the "quicker-pickup upper after the tear-gas clears" on the company's website.

With street protests and vandalism on the rise, the need for businesses like these is also increasing. Take June 18 for example. About three hundred anarchists took to the streets, smashing windows and engaging the police in violent confrontations. Faced with the clean-up effort after the police went on to victory, city officials decided that contracting to an outside source would ease the burden on an already overwhelmed Public Works crew, while saving the city thousands of dollars in overtime.

"It's win-win," said one local official. "It's an awfully high expense having city workers pick-up all those tear-gas canisters and clean up the all the blood off the sidewalks. Plus, we are committed to supporting local businesses."

Critics say the city should not be supporting businesses that rely on violent confrontation for profit. They charge that Jim's Aftermath and Riot Control promote vandalism and acts of destruction in order to generate business. "Their[Riot Control] website shows pictures of masked thugs smashing windows," says Martin Campien, of the group liberals for the Reform of the Status Quo. "They're glorifying terrorism."

Not so, according to Goldbold. "Look, economic sabotage isn't really effective unless it is carried out on a daily basis by large numbers of people. Same with riots. Such acts happen, but they are isolated instances now. Business eats the loss, but someone has to pick up the pieces." He contends that his company provides a valuable service and jobs to the community. "As long as these things happen, we'll be needed."

books

The Periodic Table by Primo Levi: some interesting memories in this odd book utilizing the Elements to describe his life/outlook.

The Drowned and the Saved by Primo Levi: Last, great book from Levi, a survivor of Auschwitz. A meditation on the Holocaust and its meaning 40 years after it ended.

People in Trouble by Sarah Schulman: Good tale about love/gay identity and a direct action group called Justice.

The Aguero Sisters by Cristina Garcia: Novel of two sisters--one in Cuba, the other in the states and how their mother's murder affected their lives. I didn't really like the characters or the writing that much. Check out her first book, Dreaming in Cuban

Invisible Man by Ralph Ellison: This book is brilliant at times, but I wish that these famous male authors could write a realistic female character. A lot of "genius" writers still can't get away from the fucked-up idea that women want to be raped. These misogynistic attitudes ruined the book.

Sabriya by Ulfat Idilbi: Syrian novelist relates the tale of title character through a diary read by her niece. Inured in love & life by men & patriarchal values, she relates her life in the 1920's as Syrians fight against the French colonialists.

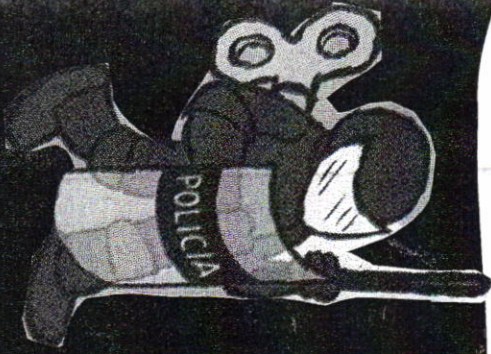
How the Jew Became White Folks by Karen Brodtkin: subtitled "and What that says about race in America", a look at the title a little dry but well done.

The Jailings of Cecilia Capture by Janet Campbell Hale: 1980's novel about an Indian woman in law school whose arrest for drunken driving in S.F. inspires a remembrance of her upbringing, family and life. Abrupt ending, but a sorrowful, wonderful book.

Red Ribbon on a White Horse by Anzia Yezierska: Memoir of great of the 1900s. Skips most of her personal life to focus on going from extreme poverty to the excess wealth of Hollywood when they buy her stories for a movie then to working as a writer on the WPA during the depression. Read her novels!

Vital Lies by Ellen Hart: Lesbian sleuth Jane Lawless in an Agatha Christie-like mystery. One of the more popular of a growing genre, check these out if you like mysteries but can't stand the sexist B.S. found in most. Mother Kali's has a huge #.

Schill adds, "Of course I'm not for wanton property destruction, but we're only providing a service. Sure, we make money when windows are smashed, but that doesn't mean we support such acts. I mean, the cops would be out of business if there wasn't any laws or criminals. No one is saying that they promote lawlessness to keep their jobs." The local police department had no response to this.



It takes my brain awhile to process things, so if we ever have an argument, please disregard everything I say and get back to me in a couple of days. I'll have the perfect comeback ready then. Thanks.



Shamen Winter by Rudolfo Anaya: Magic realism, New Mexico history, nuclear terrorism, kidnappings through time and more. While I didn't like some of the attitudes presented by the author, the story/mystery won't let you stop reading.

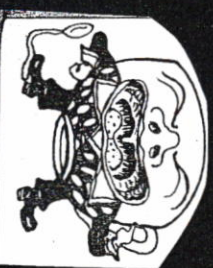
The Third Life of Grange Copeland by Alice Walker: I don't know what to feel about this early novel. Extremely fucked-up characters live out their dysfunction under the confines of white racism/oppression in the South. Well written, engaging and challenging.

Derailed Democracy by David McCowan: Unfortunately title, but an extensive anthology of quotes from Amnesty International, gov't reports, etc. that illustrate that the U.S. certainly isn't the land of the free. The stuff on the Police/State should be enough to drive anyone to anarchy.

Retro is getting out of hand. The 50s, 60s, 70s, and now, the 80s are or have been retro hip. How soon before the 90s are retro and you can buy your grunge flannel with the nirvana logo at wal-mart.? Eventually, retro will collide with the present as the week before February 11, 2011 becomes retro. The Here and Now will be hit from behind by yesterday and today: the resulting explosion will burn out pop culture in a Zarathrustian flame of righteousness leaving us naked, singed, and free to explore. No longer confined by staid pop culture. Bring on the explosion!

That, or this is the Doomsday scenario: The retro/present collision will produce a dark explosion which turns us all to ash, an Old-Testament style purification that will rid the planet of its parasites--humans. Either way, bring it on!

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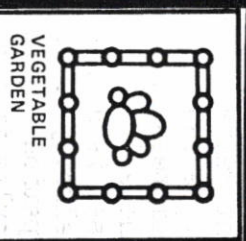
We live here and have a right to help direct our community through truly representative means. Not through government or business, but through organizing independently of them for ourselves and for our right to self-determination. We can meet our own needs and wants, if we brings these things back into balance with what nature can sustainably provide. By uniting together and examining our own biases, dysfunctions and oppressive behaviors--abolishing them--we can gain the unity we need to form a strong, compassionate resistance and real alternative to global and local capitalism and their tools: alienation, commodification and destruction. A resistance that seems like an impossible dream: creating the alternatives while cracking the structures of control--growing through them, over them.

We do not need some document crafted by the rich, white, male landowners of yesteryear's imperialism to know that we have rights. The right to a clean, beautiful, and wild nature; dignity, respect, safety, love. We do not need a government structure or business to provide the means and directions for life. We can do it ourselves. A return to a positive, loving human nature, secure in the natural world is our goal. In that lies the potential and the cure for our current predicament.

This place, Eugene, is my home and I want to save it from the oppressive death-trip it is on.

I'm not fighting for power over, not for some love of humanity. I'm fighting for the time when power is destroyed and for the time when I can truly love humanity. Right now, I can't see much to love in the world--or in Eugene.

The question always remains: How far will we go--will I go--to create the world we want?



Voting for Ralph Nader or any other progressive candidate is like buying a veggie burger at McDonald's.

-The UO's prostitution to Phil Nike and their deconstruction of the Amazon Housing Co-ops (y'all probably know about the recent WRC stuff and Knight's ceasing support to the UO).
 -Unfair tax structures and the cutting of beneficial programs, like some senior services.

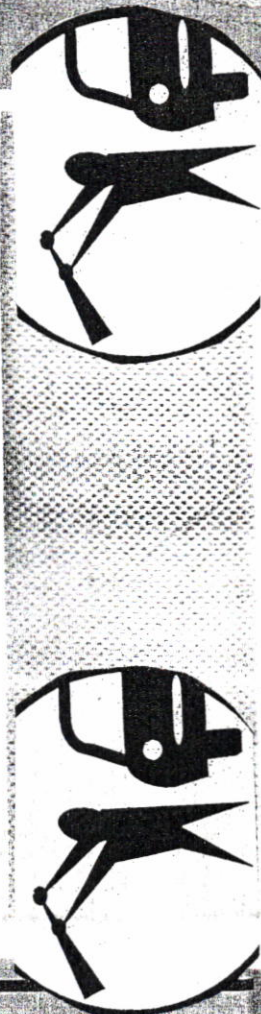
-Criminalization and marginalization of the homeless (the partial relaxation of the camping ban is like a band-aid on a gunshot wound).

This list could go on forever--forest destruction, sexual assault, animal consumption--and on and on. What it amounts to by itself is a complete refutation of a liberal, democratic Eugene. Add in the destructive forces not listed, and what you have is a reinforcement of the argument that Eugene is just another typical

American city located in a typically fucked-up, hierarchical and exploitative society. There are few alternatives here.

I condemn the EPD for its past and present acts of domination and repression. I condemn the city government simply for being and for its collusion with corporate interests at the expense of the environment. I condemn all of us who are complicit with the Way Things Are. That seems like a kick in the face--after all, we're all complicit to varying degrees--but it is really a call to action. I cannot accept excuses or defensive posturing. There is such a thing as right and wrong in the world, when it is viewed from a sane, nature-based viewpoint, and the path Eugene is on--the culmination of thousands of years of domestication, domination, and exploitation--is wrong. I can't really make it any plainer. You can reject this analysis if you want, but that doesn't make the problems go away.

I reject the idea that getting involved with local government or any equivalent "alternative" can affect things for the better in the long run. We can make things better through conscious economic choices, committees, grass-roots organizations, and other such things. In the end, though, participation in the System (to use a handy phrase) is a red-herring pushing away from what is true. That we are already involved, due to our being here, alive, and that participation in and reform of a sick System will only produce sick results in the long run.



I wrote this in early 1997. I revise it now, and print it with newer comments, because I think it identifies a pattern in the actions of Authority as well as giving lie to the idea that Eugene is a wonderfully progressive, tolerant place.

OPEN LETTER TO EUGENE

My grandparents have lived in Eugene for nearly fifty years. My mom grew up here and we've visited since I was just a rolling, screaming ball of fat. I didn't really know the city well though until I moved here in 1994. The first thing I do to get to know a city is walk through every part of it. This discovery walk provides me with an overview of the city: its layout, what different neighborhoods are like, what forces seem to be at work and where the cool spots are. What struck me immediately--what I noticed first, descending into the Willamete valley and in walking around town--was all the trees and foliage. The abundant green of the flora a verdant contrast to the high desert where I grew up.

In Eugene, this greenery softens the harsh edges of concrete and asphalt which render so many cities just plain ugly. The architecture of buildings, well designed or not, is without beauty unless accompanied by trees, bushes, and flowers. Parks do not approach the magnificence of wild nature, but I was awed still by the enormous quantity of green in the surrounding hillsides: Spenser's and Skinner's buttes, Hendrik's, the long riverbank greenway and all the parks which exist in town. West 11th and other developed areas disgusted me, as well as the amount of motorized vehicles--and the subservience to them. The beautiful places make up for this somewhat, far more than in other cities I've been to.

Yet, it seems that even this beauty and surrounding forest and farmland is too much for the developers, the local government, and many of the residents--including those opposed to development, who never seem to realize that it is the nature of this destructive civilization itself that is in need of correction, not the laws or politicians it produces.

The Charnelton parking structure (the soon to become site of the June 1, 1997 episode and now completed); Riverfront Research Park (underpass now built); Hyundai plant (now built and seeking to expand); and parking structures at 10th and Pearl (built). These are steps (which have now left their footprints) toward the further alienated urbanification of Eugene. We can currently--in the year 2000--add many other developments to this list as well as a proposed gravel pit and more timber sales (viva red cloud thunder). Large steps towards ugliness, pollution, and destruction, yet still only small examples of the pervading technological consumption that needs to grind up people and the planet in order to carry on and

"progress." We have it great here, compared to, say, L.A., and I think that is why so many want to stop the Machine and turn it back, no matter what manifestation it appears in. Yet, despite the organizing and outrage, the building predicated on destruction continues while people argue over city council races and nonviolence.

It takes a bit more than walking around town to get to know its people (though it's a great way to meet kitty cats), local sentiments and business/government interests. I have met, seen and heard many great, compassionate people here in Eugene, as well as many disrespectful, hateful, greedy and short-sighted people. Same as anywhere, I suppose, so the "liberal" and "progressive" image of Eugene is a misrepresentation. Eugene is an old logging town with a thin veneer of hippy-ness and hipness provided by those who have moved here over the years and from the university. Really, it is just a typical American city, with the majority of the population--whether conservative, liberal or progressive--supporting the false normalcy of modern, American democracy-style life. The local power structure often helps perpetuate and initiate negative actions and feelings, but they do so with the blessing or complicity of most of us. "Counter-culture" here is just another shade of gray: the business suit, the sweatpants, the VW bus, the concrete.

I'm not just expressing my impressions or supposed ideology here. The events, actions, and words I've encountered back up this view and give lie to Eugene's progressive image. Some years ago, a poet/professor at the university had a piece he wrote re-printed in the Eugene Weekly. It was called "Lost in Place" and the negative reaction to it was appalling. Garret Hongo wrote about his own multi-cultural upbringing in Los Angeles, and how his own sons were being deprived of this diversity here in white Eugene. The back lash was racist and vehement: move back to L.A. if you don't like it; Hongo is a racist and other such misinformed, defensive bullshit. We're tolerant and progressive here in Eugene, so don't tell us otherwise, the response said--and threatened. We'll "honor diversity" so long as we don't have to confront our own privilege or do anything besides put a sticker on our car. It is no surprise that Garret Hongo is no longer here.

A list:

- Biased enforcement of "laws" by the Eugene Police who target Latinos/as, blacks, and poor people.
- Unlawful stops of anarchists (anyone wearing black) by the police during the time that the Eugene Anarchist Collective was active (and currently, I can add).
- Outrageous police sweeps of those deemed "undesirable" by business and political leaders (introduction of RDU and subsequent ban of dogs and skateboards on 13th Ave, downtown exclusion ordinance, etc.)
- Unabashed, biased targeting of Icky's Teahouse by the police and neighborhood business owners (Icky's R.I.P.)
- Police brutality and murder, such as evidenced by Randy Berger's shooting of a man in the Fred Meyer parking lot and the murder of an unarmed drug-dealer, Marvin Young, later in South Eugene. (Too many additions to list, but the death of a mentally ill man being "subdued" by the police in Whitaker last year comes to mind)
- Backdoor courting of destructive, unethical corporation Hyundai (as noted, now built).
- Police incitement and brutality at the Vortex gathering in Maurie Jacob's park--another instance where pepper spray was used indiscriminately against a child and a reporter.
- Refusal of the city to create a police review board (later vote fails).
- Refusal of the City to disband the police force and local government (OK, I know, but we can hope).
- Re-opening of Willamette St. and subservience to motorized vehicles which is contrary to the stated goal of the city to put alternative transportation first (Transplan, more roads, more cars than people in Lane county, violent repression of Critical Mass participants over the years).
- The recent Charnelton project (Broadway Place, a monstrosity and mostly empty now. And some in town hail it as a great mixed-use development! What is in that EWEB water anyway?).